Ode to a Woman Standing in a Corner, Awaiting a Spanking
By Yu May

Oh woman, standing in the corner,
With anxious eyes and pallid skin,
Your beauty is a sight to see,
Your character, a tragic sin.

You've not yet learned the way of life,
The value of the righteous path,
For you have chosen to transgress,
And courted danger with a laugh.

Your pale complexion's like a dream,
A canvas for the artist's eye,
But soon it shall be painted red,
When discipline shall you apply.

For shame is not yet in your heart,
Nor wisdom in your wayward mind,
But soon you'll learn the price of sin,
And leave your foolishness behind.

Oh woman, standing in the corner,
Waiting for your punishment,
May you learn to face the truth,
And mend your ways with sound repent.

For beauty fades with passing time,
But character shall stand the test,
And when you learn the way of shame,
Your cheeks shall blush with true finesse.

So let this punishment be just,
And let it teach you right from wrong,
For discipline is what you need,
To make your spirit pure and strong.

Ode to a Mother, Spanking her Daughter
By Yu May

Oh mother, with a steady hand,
You guide your daughter through life's land,
And though it may seem harsh to some,
Your discipline is never done.

As your hand strikes its target true,
It's as if wisdom flows anew,
Imparted with each motion's grace,
A lesson for your child to face.

And though her cries may pierce the air,
Your resolve is firm, beyond compare,
For you know that in the end,
Your daughter will grow to comprehend.

That discipline is not just pain,
But guidance for life's twisting lanes,
And as she learns this truth from you,
She'll become a woman strong and true.

So let your hand be strong and sure,
And let your daughter's cries endure,
For in the end, she'll see the light,
And know that discipline was right.

Oh mother, with a heart so kind,
Your hand, a beacon for the blind,
May your strength and wisdom ever be,
A guiding light for all to see.

Ode to a Daughter, Spanked by her Mother
By Yu May

Oh daughter, with a spirit strong,
You've erred and now you must belong,
To mother's hand, so firm and true,
Her discipline, a guide to you.

As your backside turns from white,
To red as fire in the night,
Your cries and tears, they pierce the air,
But know that mother's love is there.

For like a steel in a forge,
This punishment shall make you gorge,
On wisdom, strength, and character,
As flames refine and make you pure.

And though your struggles may be great,
And words may fail to stop your fate,
Remember that this trial ended,
Marks a new page, your sins now mended.

For when your punishment is done,
And mother's hand no longer stuns,
You'll find a new humility,
A changed spirit, a new reality.

So daughter, with a heart so bright,
Embrace this trial with all your might,
For from the ashes, you shall rise,
A stronger person, truly wise.

Ode to a Woman Standing in a Corner, After a Spanking
By Yu May

Oh woman, standing in the corner,
With chastisement's marks upon your skin,
A portrait of humility,
In silent penance for your sin.

For as the moon alights the night,
Your stand aloft, a beacon bright,
A beauty that transcends the flesh,
A soul that endures stinging plight.

Your form, a study of repose,
A graceful spirit in your woes,
Resplendent in your poise and grace,
A portrait of a heart that knows.

You've learned to see and are a sight,
For in your moment of contrite,
You show us all the strength of will,
To face the truth, to face the fight.

Oh woman, standing in the corner,
You bear a mark that's not your own,
A symbol of the human will,
To learn and grow from seedlings sown.

Your well-spanked bottom tells a tale,
Of how you'll rise above the frail,
And face the struggles of this life,
With strength and courage that prevail.

So here's to you, oh woman fair,
More than your heart has been laid bare,
A testament to all that's right,
You radiate a righteous light.